



Noel: (half in jest) Ahh, shucks! This poem is a downer!

Tara: (flippantly) Yeah, I thought this was a book ah celebration!

Opapan: Well, perhaps it is. Why shouldn't we celebrate a funeral as joyfully as a wedding?

Gwen: (matter-of-factly) Without inner silence, all celebrations are noisy affairs. Birth, marriage, and death are nothing but brief markers within maya's snare.

- T Newfields

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